

AND PART & ENOPSE« CANZON.
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Whose sweetness never wears, though
moisture **weareth**, Sweet ripe red
Strawberries, whose heavenly sap I would
desire to suck; but Loves ingender A nectar
more divine in thy sweet Pap !

O lovely tender paps ! but who shall press them
?

Whose heavenly nectar, and ambrosial juice
Proceed from Violets sweet, and asier-like ^
And from the matchless purple *Fleur de luce*,
Round rising hills, white hills (sweet VENUS
bless them!)

Nature's rich trophies, not those hills
unlike,
Which that great monarch, CHARLES, whose
power did
From th' Arctic to the Antarctic, dignified

[strike
With proud *Plus ultra* : which *Cevogvaphy*
In unknown Characters of Victory,
Nature hath set; by which she signified
Her conquests* miracle reared up on
high ! Soft ivory balls ! with which,
whom she lets play, Above all mortal men
is magnified, And wagers 'bove all price
shall bear away !

O Love's soft hills ! how much I wonder you!
Between whose lovely valleys, smooth and
straight,
That glassy moisture lies, that slippery dew!
Whose courage touched, could dead men
animate!
Old NESTOR (if between, or under you!
He should but touch) his young years might
renew!
And with all youthful joys himself indue !
O smooth white satin, matchless, soft, and
bright!
More smooth than oil! more white than lily
is !
As hard to match, as Love's Mount hilly is!
As soft as down ! clear, as on glass sunlight!
To praise your white, my tongue too much
silly is!
How much, at your smooth soft, my sense
amazed is!
Which charms the feeling, and enchants the
sight: [is !
But yet her bright, smooth, white, soft Skin
more praised